

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"South Bronx"

Scott la rock: yo, wassup blastmaster krs-one. this jam is kickin'

Krs: word! yo, what-up d-nice?

D-nice: yo, wassup scott la rock?

Slr: yo man, we chillin' this funky fresh jam. I wanna tell

You a little somethin' about us. we're the boogie down

Productions crew and due to the fact that no-one else out there

Knew what time it was, we have to tell you a little story about

Where we come from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

Many people tell me this style is terrific

It is kinda different but let's get specific

Krs-one specialized in music

I'll only use this type of style when I choose it

Party people in the place to be, krs-one attacks

Ya got dropped off mca cause the rhymes you wrote was wack

So you think that hip-hop had it's start out in queensbridge

If you popped that junk up in the bronx you might not live

Cause you're in...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

I came with scott larock to express one thing

I am a teacher and others are kings

If that's a title they earn, well it's well deserved, but

Without a crown, see, I still burn

You settle for a pebble not a stone like a rebel

Krs-one is the holder of a boulder, money folder

You want a fresh style let me show ya

Now way back in the days when hip-hop began

With coque larock, kool herc, and then bam

Beat boys ran to the latest jam

But when it got shot up they went home and said "damn

There's got to be a better way to hear our music every day

Beat boys gettin blown away but comin outside anyway"

They tried again outside in cedar park

Power from a street light made the place dark

But yo, they didn't care, they turned it out

I know a few understand what I'm talkin about

Remember bronx river rollin thick

With kool dj red alert and chuck chillout on the mix

When afrika islam was rockin the jams

And on the other side of town was a kid named flash
Patterson and millbrook projects
Casanova all over, ya couldn't stop it
The nine lives crew, the cypress boys
The real rock steady takin out these toys
As odd as it looked, as wild as it seemed
I didn't hear a peep from a place called queens
It was seventy-six, to 1980
The dreads in brooklyn was crazy
You couldn't bring out your set with no hip-hop
Because the pistols would go...
So why don't you wise up, show all the people in the place that you are wack
Instead of tryna take out ll, you need to take your homeboys off the crack
Cos if you don't, well, then their nerves will become shot
And that would leave the job up to my own scott larock
And he's from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (8x)

The human tr-808, d-nice
The poet, the blastmaster krs-one
The grand incredible dj scott la rock
Boogie...down...productions
Fresh for '86, suckers!
(ha ha ha ha ha)